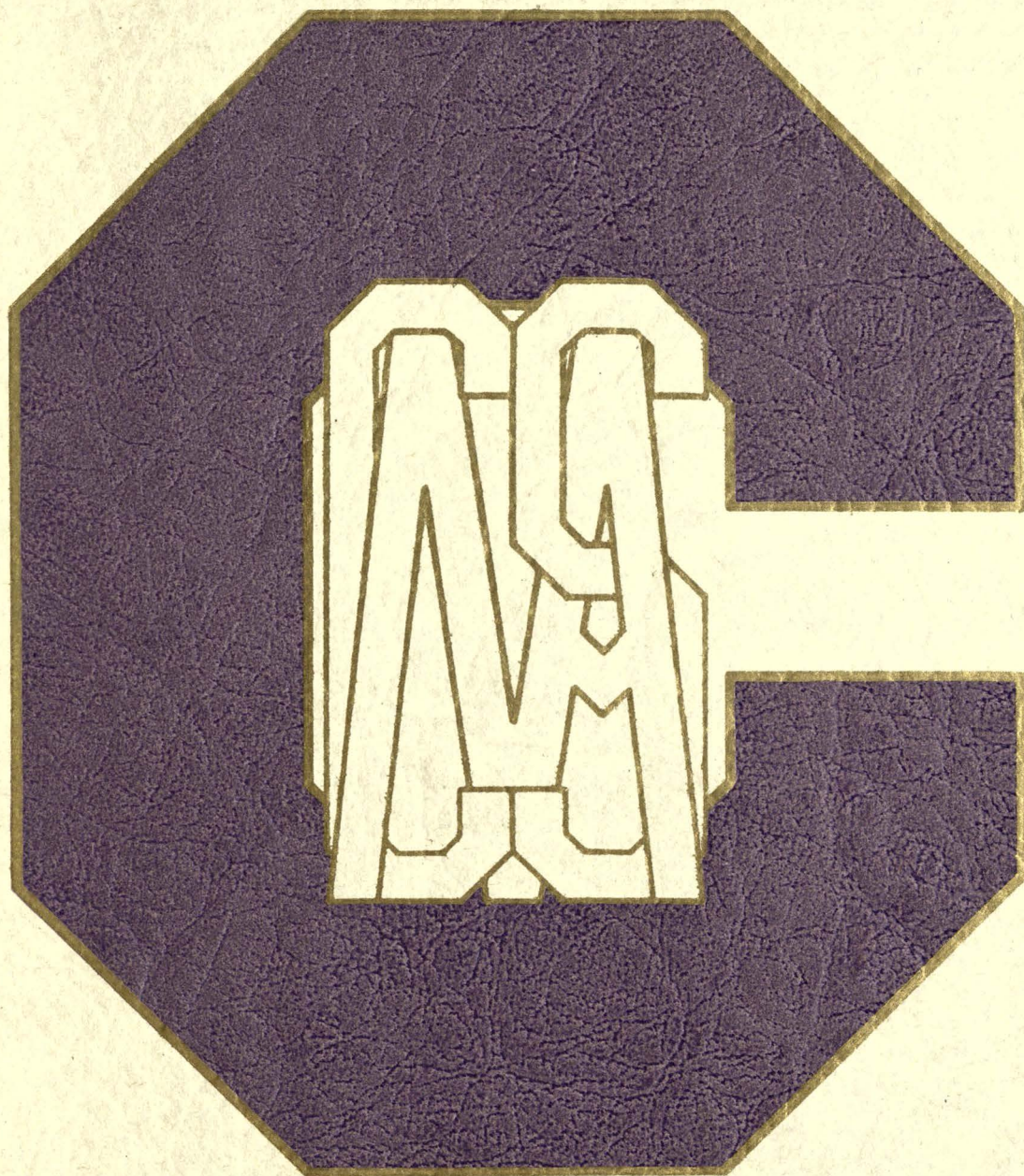




CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
**PICTORIAL
REFLECTOR**
Saginaw, Michigan, June, 1927



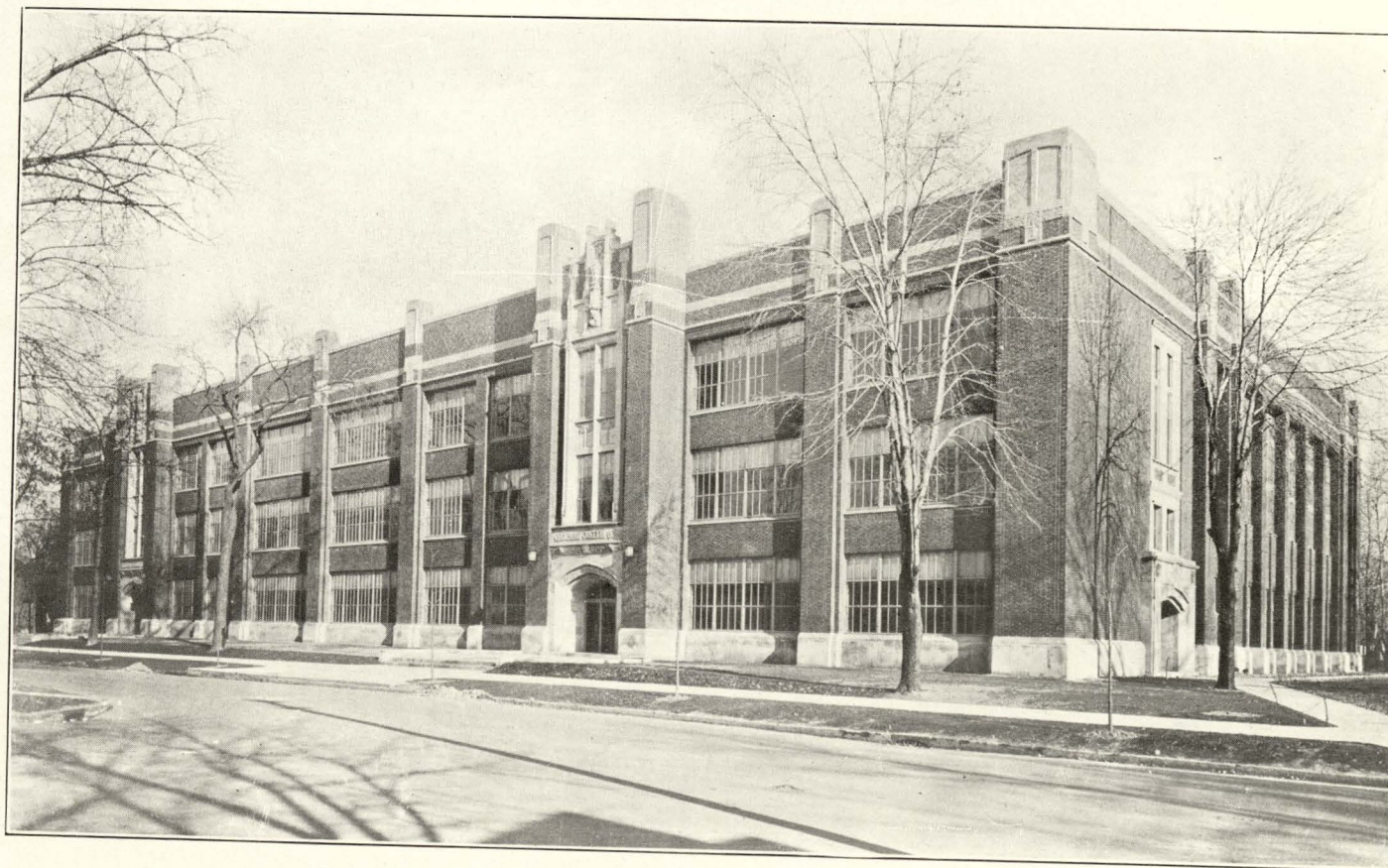
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The Pictorial Reflector

Published by the
Students of Saginaw Central
Junior High School
Saginaw, Michigan
June, 1927



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Saginaw Central Junior High School, South Weadock Avenue at Emerson and Merrill

Dedicated to the memory of
Jessie A. Loomis

October 17, 1858

August 13, 1926



*When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bard, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!*

—Lizette Woodworth Reese



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OFFICE

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CAFETERIA

Mrs. Josephine Stone



Cafeteria

Retrospect

WELL, here I am a fourth edition of the old Pictorial Reflector, only I'm a little different from the "Old Man." I've got all of his advantages, to be sure, with a lot of brand new ideas.

My origin came from a Mr. Arthur P. Smith who was Central Junior High's first printing instructor and who is now in Mount Clemens High School. He claims me as "his child" and as a proper foster father should be, is always interested in my welfare.

The ancestors of me were all famous in their day, and it is up to me to keep up the family reputation. Our family motto always was, "Off with the old and on with the new." That's why our covers are always of a different color, and our designs are perpetually changing. My great grandfather, Reflector I, had the shades of our coat of arms on the cover, brown and cream as many of my steadfast friends will recollect. Then my grandfather Reflector II, came into being adorned in gaudy garments, a pastime with him, consequently a purple cover just suited him. Preceding me and following my grandfather is naturally my father. He received more attention than any of his predecessors by donning a yellow uniform upon which a picture of the school we all attend, the C. J. H. S. is printed.

I personally maintain, however, that I am the best ever. A grey cover proves that I have excellent taste and it also behooves me to say that the big "C" I am proud to wear represents "Central" and not the marks that students commonly get in scholarship or citizenship. Can you beat it?

Popularity toward me is increasing by leaps and bounds, so fast, in fact that I keep everyone "hopping" to obtain enough material to satisfy admirers. The principal reason for my increasing popularity is that pupils have finally realized that I am a paper, of the students by the students, and for the students. I have a great deal of creative work; my monthly column "With the Poets" being one of the most notable.

The cost of me is comparatively small now, and my smaller monthly relations are distributed free. The same would be done with me, but the pictures and engravings which I contain cost a great deal of money and the twenty-five cents each one pays helps to defray my cost and the remaining amount is supplied by the shows given in the Auditorium regularly. As you have no doubt noticed, the Reflector family has never been cheapened by advertising, a distinct advantage over many of my numerous neighbors, who must resort to this

means in order to make themselves a paying proposition. Of course there are play and sports advertising but we make nothing whatever from the actual "ad" itself.

In turning over my pages slowly, you note that I am dedicated to Miss Jessie Loomis; then follow some of the "higher ups" together with the imposing views of the faculty and various student gatherings. Many years from now you may be showing antiques to your grandchildren when you run across me and you proudly point to your old chums remarking, "See, Susie, there's Tommy Jones, the star first baseman of the Yankees. I can remember the day when he muffed every ball that came his way."

It's almost time for my vacation, and I believe I'll take it when you students do, so that you won't miss me, and I will be "always on deck" to serve you. When you "fellows" are out camping, touring, tenting or whatever you do, I will be recuperating in the bottom drawer of somebody's desk or possibly exchanged with the paper of some other school. But that has never worried us in the least, as we are all broad minded and realize how much more we shall be worth when "dug out" by "little sonny" in one of his mischievous moods. Or if I come into my own at another school, I do not only increase my own education but give my friends in far off states hints for developing their literature.

I shall hope to meet you all again next year, (not the 9A's of course, for I could not be so cruel hearted as to wish anyone to stay behind six months for my special benefit but those lower than the aforesaid grade and the 7B's who will enter in a few months.

Soon I must say "good-bye" as the "sa-sigh-a-tee" say it, "so long" as the most of us bid farewell, "au revoir" similarly to the French, and "ta ta" the way I am led to believe that it is said in parts of Europe. The next time that we meet again, we will both be at least two months older and you'll be well mosquito bitten and sunburned.

The policy of those backing me is to have a bigger and better paper, and any stories, "fishy" or otherwise are always welcome. If, perchance, you experience extraordinary occurrences during vacation, hand them in immediately to some one of the advisors and if it is a good composition you will have it printed. It not only gives you a good reputation and plenty of practice in essay and story writing; it also raises your mark in English and gives your English teacher a great deal less to worry about, besides think of the glory of seeing your name in print.

John R. Banister



Reflector Club and Staff

The Reflector Reporters' Club

THIS organization is practically the only one in which the members work entirely for the benefit of the school and no one who does not care to or is not capable of writing is eligible.

Every one who has been at Central long enough recalls the search which used to be made and the coaxing of students by teachers to obtain sufficient material to make a decent sized Reflector. As a result of all this the Reflector Reporters' Club was organized.

It assembles once each week in room 201 at clearing hour and is sponsored by Miss Flanders, an English teacher who naturally is very capable of carrying on such work. Although meeting only once each week, its members write and submit articles for publication every day. Occasionally the same topic is given to more than one pupil and as each tries to have the best article, essays of a very high quality are consequently obtained. When miscellaneous "write-ups" are given to reporters, an endeavor is made to give one in which they are well versed. An article on the Band would of course not be given to one who knew nothing about music, any more than a person would be given "Dr. Zola's Magic" who had not visited the Fun Festival.

The Club's motto is: A bigger and better Reflector, and with this end in mind the club has prospered. There is a different reporter for every activity and topic; one for jokes, chapel, band, clubs—all activities are covered.

The club not only lives up to its motto (we at one time had so much material that it all could not be printed in one issue) but gives its members good practical experience in writing which

may prove beneficial in later years, makes them better known and in many instances has raised English marks.

If there is ever any doubt in your mind as to which club to join and you are a good writer, don't hesitate a second but join our good old Reflector Reporters' Club! It'll do us all good and pep up the school spirit which seems to be slacking a bit of late.

John R. Banister

Girls' Business Club

THE meeting of the Girls' Business Club on April 12, was very interesting. The speaker was Mr. Monday, superintendent of the Tanner Store. His speech was on "Success." "There isn't anything in life that succeeds like success. You are your own success. The brain is a wonderful mechanism which makes up your success. Things that make you what you are, are the brains.

Right thinking is important. We should have a purpose and an aim in life and also a will to do things. There isn't anything that will take the place of work. In order to reach success you must wait and not get tired of waiting. We may be looking forward to success, but do not look at it now in that way but am I successful now? This is your opportunity. Our will is just as important to us as the compass is to the boat. We steer for ourselves our own course in life and we can arrive at our destination as we will. Life is full of impulses and power and it will never be greater than it is this very day. The brain is a power of suggestion where one thought is interlinked with another as in a chain. Henry Ford said: "If anybody wants to work hard he can duplicate my success."

The talk was enjoyed by all and we hope to hear him again.

Ruth Hofmeister



Grade 9A.

The Library Hour

ONCE a week our 7A reading class had what we call the Library Hour. The purpose of this hour has been to get acquainted with many of our living American poets and others who have done great work in poetry. Here you will find a list of poets and a comment on each one. It has all been very enjoyable and interesting.

Nathalia Crane. Known by her ability to write poems at such a young age. Many of her poems have much mirth, such as the "Janitor's Boy," "Roger Jones," and "What Every Girl Knows."

"Hilda Conkling." Her poems do not rhyme, but always express a beautiful idea which is stated in a beautiful way and which are fanciful and fantastic.

L. A. Daly. His poems are written in dialect, which makes them very interesting. They are usually based on human nature and are humorous.

Oliver Herford. His poems attract attention because of the way he transforms and puts life into flowers, trees, and hills, and other things in nature. Many beautiful cartoons are

found in "Ladies' Home Journal" which are made by him.

Joyce Kilmer. His poems are mostly imaginative. One of his best beloved poems is "Trees."

Robert Louis Stevenson. He is famous for his book of poems, "A Child's Garden of Verses." His poems tell about both little folks and big folks.

James W. Riley. Most of his poems are about the farm children and their experiences.

Edna St. Vincent Millay is called the woman of the hour because of her many famous poems and her recent opera. "The Pear Tree" and "God's World" are some very beautiful poems which we have learned.

Elizabeth M. Roberts has recently published her first book called "The Time of Man," it is a great success and a great book so the critics say. We learned two short poems of hers, "Mumps" and "Mr. Wells."

Sidney Lanier. A famous southern American poet, the author of "The Tournament" which we committed to memory.

Florence Terwilliger and
Betty Qualman



Grade 9A.



Grade 9B

Arabian Life

MRS. Berluti's history class had the pleasure of listening to Verdia Negim tell about Arabian life.

First she told us about the different kinds of Arabs. There are the desert Arabs, and those east of Damascus City. The former wear long robes and the latter wear something like our "gym" bloomers only they are longer.

Their homes are solid masses of stone and it is a mystery how some came to be built so.

They have, what seems to us, queer customs in their churches, one of which is, if an Arab marries out of his family, he or she can never enter the main part of the church. Their families are quite large, there are nine hundred or more in every family, whose family name is not the same surname.

Verdia's name in Arabia would be: Verda Messeh Negim, Hamood Nagim, Algosayine. Algosayine is the one big family name.

These families raise their own food; they have large gardens; their grapes are twice the size of our ordinary grapes; the olives are never picked from the tree because picking them would make them bitter to the taste they are just shaken from the tree; then the ripe olives fall.

Their "big dish" is made of grape leaves rolled like cigars. Their method of preparing their food is entirely different from ours and rather difficult to explain.

They have the most beautiful horses in the world. If they are full blooded Arabian horses they can never be taken out of the country, because there would soon be so many in the different parts of the world that Arabian horse flesh would lose its value. If anyone sells one of these horses out of his country he is punished.

Mary Nichols

Reflector Covers

We are indebted to Howard Winter for the attractive covers on the February and March issues of the Reflector; to John Morrell for his "April Rain" cover; to Mr. M. Mussato of the Mechanical Drawing department for the very effective letter design, combining school, scholarship, citizenship, music and athletics which graces our "Pictorial Review" number.

"Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"

"No, yer Honor, the lady gave it to me and told me to beat it and I did."



Grade 8B



Grade 8A

A Prize Winner

YOUR school is proud to announce that one of our former pupils who is attending Saginaw High School, won the first of the three prizes offered by the Saginaw Transit Company for the best essay under the name, "The Value of Street Car and Bus Service in the Upbuilding of a City."

Her name is Cleota Thomas and she lives at 606 Cherry St. We surely hope she has the same luck at similar try outs at other prizes. The prize that she won was \$5.00. Below is her essay:

The Value of Street Car and Bus Service in the Upbuilding of a City.

"To have street cars and busses in a city is a great asset and a source of income. A city or large business firm could not expect to grow if there were no transportation facilities for the people. It also enables industries to be located farther out of the city, where property and taxes are lower. Workmen would not walk a great distance to work and therefore busses and street cars could transport them. A city with good transportation facilities for the people will grow much faster than a city without.

"Attractive busses and street cars, such as Saginaw has, also help to make a city beautiful. They draw the attention of tourists and visitors and give them a favorable impression of the city. That is why busses and street cars aid in the upbuilding of a city by promoting business."

Jack Prine

To My Arizona Girl

(By her Florida Admirer)

In far away Nebraska
'Neath the California skies
Lives my Oklahoma sweetheart
With the Massachusetts eyes.

She's a native of Virginia
In Kentucky she was born
She lived all her life in Minnesota
On a Mississippi farm.

We met one night in South Carolina
Near the Texas border line,
And with tales of home in Indiana
I won my Utah girl divine.

Now we'll go to old New Hampshire
In Oregon to wed
And I'll love my dear Wyoming rose
Till the day that I am dead.

Frances Butler



Grade 8A



7A Home Rooms

Spanish in Central Junior High

OFTEN people ask "Why do we study a foreign language in Central Junior High School?" The study of any foreign language broadens the horizon of the student, that is, it gives him knowledge of different people, countries, and customs. Learning a foreign language gives a pupil more sympathy for foreigners learning our language. It also helps to promote good feelings between the people of different countries.

Pupils choose Spanish because it is a modern language and so more interesting than a dead language would be. Spanish gives the same training as any foreign language. It is spoken by a great many people and is becoming a very important language in the business world. Many of our statesmen, like Hoover and Weeks, recommend the study of Spanish as a means of creating better feeling between North and South America.

Spanish is a modern form of Latin. No pupil should start Spanish because he thinks it is easy, for like all other languages the study of Spanish means hard work.

A pupil working faithfully at Spanish for two years should have the beginning of a good Spanish pronunciation, the ability to read, write,

and speak simple Spanish, and some knowledge of Spanish speaking countries, their great men, famous places, and interesting costumes.

In Spanish class, besides the ordinary reading and writing, we have conversations about pictures and objects, we sing Spanish songs, give Spanish yells, play Spanish games, and write and act Spanish plays.

The Spanish Club which meets Monday during clearing hour work Spanish cross word puzzles, reads Spanish jokes, and does many other things which make the study of Spanish more pleasant and interesting.

Alice Rossman

Popping the Question

A timid man wanted to propose to his girl but never dared to, finally took her to his family lot in the cemetery, and said, "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

A Friend In Need

Cashier (at bank); "You will have to bring some one here to identify you before we can cash this check. Got any friends in town?"

Stranger: "No, I'm a tax collector."



Home Room Officers



Grade 7A

My Idea of an Ideal Wardrobe

DID you ever hear of a girl who wasn't especially interested in her wardrobe? I never did, and I never hope to. Every girl in her teens thinks she must have an appropriate costume for every occasion, so I shall proceed to tell about my idea of an ideal wardrobe.

First of all, the wardrobe should contain three or four simple sport dresses for school. Nothing elaborate or formal is sensible for a girl to wear to school. Therefore, we shall dress our model in a very simple jersey dress of tan with tan silk hose and oxfords. A bright green handkerchief in the pocket of the dress makes the costume much more striking.

A girl must also have a plaited skirt to wear with flashy sweaters. In order to wear this outfit one must have three or four blouses and a for-in-hand tie which goes well with the sweater.

Now let us dress our model for an afternoon bridge party or tea. A light, fluffy dress with short sleeves made of silk crepe or georgette is very becoming for this occasion. Light silk hose and black patent leather, or satin pumps and a simple little silk hat will complete the costume. Mesh or bead bags are often carried.

If our model was to go to a formal dance

we should dress her in a light colored chiffon, sleeveless dress with a light bodice and a full, fluffy, petaled skirt. Silver chiffon hose and silver pumps are very appropriate, although hose to match the dress and black satin pumps are also becoming. A simple light-colored, wrap-around coat completes the formal attire of our model.

For hiking and camping a girl should wear tweed knickers, a bright sweater, a small felt hat, heavy wool socks and oxfords or hiking boots.

As for necessary accessories, such as dainty handkerchiefs, pins, ties, and scarfs, they are very necessary to complete a girl's wardrobe.

Mary Watson

A Scotchman and a Jew were in the habit of coming late to church services (after the collection was taken up). One day the minister thought he would fool them so he waited till they came in before he had the collection taken up. Just as soon as the collection plate was being passed the Scotchman fainted and the Jew carried him out.



Grade 7B

The Mysterious Mansion

IN the little village of Greenville, Kentucky stood the beautiful Benton Mansion, which had been empty for five years. The Perry family from New York bought it and moved into it.

The mansion had many rooms in it, also many winding stairs and secret passages. At the head of the stairs facing the room where Mr. Benton had been murdered, stood an old walnut clock which had stopped when he had been found. No one ever had learned who the assassin was. People thought Mr. Benton's St. Bernard dog had gone mad and killed him because the dog had disappeared immediately.

When the Perry family moved, people told them the house was haunted. However, they scorned this. They told that weird noises were heard about twelve o'clock every night. This frightened Sally and Mrs. Perry but Tom and Mr. Perry let it go in one ear and out the other.

The day of moving was a warm day and hard to get settled, but by six o'clock they had beds and a table set with a good supper on it.

They retired to their rooms about eleven-thirty. When all of a sudden Sally reached over and grabbed her mother, motioning her to be very silent, because she thought it was Tom trying to scare them.

In the morning Mr. Perry and Tom were white and haggard from the lack of sleep. Sally tried to get them to tell what was the matter but they refused to say a word. That morning Mr. Perry went to the village and called long distance for about six detectives. They arrived on the noon train. He then took them into a private room, leaving Tom to guard the door. This alarmed Mrs. Perry very much. After about half an hour Mr. Perry reappeared. The men were given places to sleep that night and were also alarmed at the strange noises.

Early in the morning Mr. Perry, Tom, and the detectives went to search the house. In the room in which Mr. Benton was found there was a trap door, which no one had known about, but it was plainly seen that someone had been fusing with it. In the trap door was a key about four inches long with a tag tied to it saying "Go to the north end of the room and feel along the wall by the third window until you feel a small opening. Break the paper there and you will find another trap door."—Jim Benton.

This seemed very strange but the men obeyed. After finding and opening it, there was a box two feet by two feet upon which was a lock and key. After opening it, the first thing seen was a white paper upon which was written, "I have but one enemy. He is John McNorte, my secretary. Mr. McNorte is the only living person who knows about my priceless necklace which is also in this box. Give

the necklace to the oldest girl that is now living here." His name was signed.

They all stood watch and at midnight a secret door opened and out came a man whose picture was on the dresser of Mr. Benton with his name at the bottom. Was it his secretary? Yes, it was the very same person as in the picture. The detectives grabbed him and held him while he confessed that he was the one who had caused the noises and who had killed Mr. Benton. Mr. McNorte said that he had locked the dog in the cellar so he would make the terrifying noises.

Once more the beautiful dog came into the light and made friends with Sally and Tom. Mr. McNorte was given a trial and was found guilty. He was then sent to prison for life.

Lucille Fliegel

Orientation Through Exploration

THAT'S one way to say it; according to the dictionary it means, "To maintain the proper mental attitude on a subject through careful survey." That doesn't help us much. So let's try another. "To find one's self." There we have it. That's not as funny as you think it is. I'm willing to wager that you know more about any one of your friends than you do about yourself even tho you have had several years in Junior High which is calculated to help you find yourself.

However there's a way in which you can remedy this situation. Take a careful survey of yourself (exploration). Then when you have decided as much as possible about yourself, choose a field in life in which these characteristics will best fit (orientation).

A Junior High School is calculated to help you find yourself. As an example of this fact, I'll tell you what I found about myself while I was in Central.

I can express my thoughts well in either writing or verbally. The Reflector and auditorium classes helped me in this. I like acting; I am not embarrassed by being before a crowd. I like anything connected with an amateur performance. Thanks to the dramatic work of C. J. H. S.

I enjoy teaching another person any subject in which I am proficient and seem to be able to "put it across." In this I was helped by being a patrol leader in the boy scouts.

I discovered all this in Junior High. You have discovered things in you, too, but you haven't kept track of it as I have perhaps. Make out a list as I have in this article, weigh your good points and bad points, and you will know just who you are, and what you like to do.

Wilbur Huber



Le Cercle Francais, Home Room 212

Reasons For Learning French

WHY study French? Well, for those to whom French has become, as it were, a part of themselves the question answers for its beauty, literature, art, history, diplomacy, commerce, and its contributions to our own language through the invasion of William the Conqueror.

Possibly the chief reason that many feel an urge to learn the language is that the most of us are utilitarians rather than idealists and beauty lovers, and its commercial value makes an appeal to us.

Educated business people in the Latin countries, Germany as well as far off Syria, have an oral and written command of the language, so that a business letter written in French would be understood in a firm of any standing in all of these countries.

English is enough for those who go to Paris to shop or visit the points of interest, because it is always possible to secure the service of an interpreter and such people may return to their native land knowing no more about the language than when they left.

The largest market in the world is "Les Halles Centrales" of Paris, where one sees not merely Paris and Parisians but France and the French, and those who have visited "Les Halles" have felt well repaid by the picturesqueness of the scene and the humor of the people—that is those who can understand the language.

When seeking the highways and paths of that country frequented by tourists a knowledge of the language is essential and an interpreter is not always available.

One may never come in contact with Parisians or have even a speaking acquaintance with people of French descent, but nothing is lost nor is time wasted in its study, for it helps one's reading immensely not only in translating phrases occurring in the best English literature but by "sprucing up" our own vocabulary and obtaining a valuable experience.

When puzzled as to which to study through high school and possibly college, by all means place your decision on the diplomatic French.

He knows his own language best, who knows at least one other with which he may compare it. Royalty, merchants, lawyers, doctors, scientists, and a great number of non-professional people are remarkable linguists, and speak this branch of the romance languages with ease.

Last but by no means least, through this knowledge we would become better men and women, gifted with a broadness of mind and sympathetic understanding of other countries, and each and every one of us might honestly believe that all men are born free and entitled to equal opportunities.

John Banister

Can You Find One?

Many students would think that my idea of an ideal teacher would be a teacher who would let one play every day without working, but they're all wrong. I'm not saying that I'm a slave for labor, but if one played all the time where would one get? No place! Many a teacher I have disliked because she made us work too hard; some, because they think they know it all. If there are any like that here, they certainly belong in some Eastern University or a higher place of education.

My ideal teacher is a teacher who knows more than just what is in books, but does not like to make it known too much. He or she can and is willing to be corrected without taking one's head off. One of the greatest characteristics which an ideal teacher shows is a good sense of humor. No one likes any person better than one with this characteristic.

These are some of the characteristics which form what I would call an ideal teacher.

Can you find one?

Alfred Seitner

A Visit to Washington, D. C.

THIS article is written for the people who are interested in stories of the capital city of the U. S. and to readers of this magazine. Those of you who have had the opportunity to visit Washington probably know that it is often called the "bicycle wheel city," the streets being laid out much in that order.

Pennsylvania Avenue begins at the Capitol Building and leads directly northwest to the White House, where Washington Avenue continues on in the same direction on the farther end of the Executive Mansion Grounds. Directly north of Pennsylvania Avenue is Massachusetts Avenue. Virginia Avenue, south of Pennsylvania Avenue runs in the same direction as the latter. Potomac Avenue runs northeast, starting directly from the Potomac River where the large Lincoln Memorial may be seen. Many of the streets are named after states such as Rhode Island, Iowa, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Vermont, and Washington.

The large Washington Monument may be seen from the Capitol Building, the monument is the tallest piece of masonry in the world, being 555 feet and 5½ inches in height. Those seeking proofs to strengthen their convictions may be interested in knowing a few facts about some of the historical scenes, either natural or man-made.

The Hall of Representatives occupies the main floor of the Capitol Building. It is 139 feet in length, 93 feet wide, and 30 feet high. The visitor's gallery is entered from the floor above where a ceiling of glass over head, with the coat of arms of each state painted upon it diffuses a soft light throughout the chamber. The members' desks are of mahogany and the speaker's desk of white marble, where elevated below are the clerks' desks.

The United States Treasury Building faces Pennsylvania Avenue with the Washington Monument at the rear. The length of the massive structure is 450 feet and the width 250 feet.

The State, War and Navy Building also faces Pennsylvania Avenue with a frontage of 342 feet and a depth 565 feet and is considered as one of the largest and most beautiful office buildings in the world. It has 500 rooms and two miles of marble halls.

Mt. St. Alban, the national cathedral now being built, will fulfil George Washington's dream of a church for national purposes. It will be larger than Westminster Abbey and it will rise above the Washington Monument. The cathedral is now the resting place of the late Woodrow Wilson.

For further information regarding Washington, D. C., write a letter with a two-cent stamp

to the Saginaw News Courier Information Bureau, Fredrick J. Haskins, Director, Washington, D. C.

Pamphlets may be procured on any subject you may be interested in from this Bureau.

Questions also may be sent in, the answers to some appear in the News Courier daily.

Jack J. Shaler

My Experience As a Jewelry Salesman

I had a good education, and plenty of experience which is worth more to me, even though it cost less. So I decided to go into the jewelry business. By looking up a friend who sold the glass stuff, I got a wholesale price on it. I would'nt sell cheap goods, so fitted me up with some high class things, such as earrings, diamond and ruby rings, and breast pins. I got the whole outfit for \$75.53 but he dropped the price to \$.03 to make it an even number. I don't know who got the best of the bargain but I afterward heard him remark that his profit was \$75.00 so the goods I had were worth 50 cents.

Being advised to go as far away as possible, I chose Salt Lake City, because I thought if salt would hold up anything, it ought to hold up my prices. My other reason was that since out there the Mormons had more than one wife, the sales would be larger. As I walked along the main street toward the lake, I thought to myself, "I guess I'll try an experiment." Arriving at the lake, I threw my most expensive earrings in and much to my surprise they sank. This was my loss.

I turned and walked down Brigham street. Here I noticed a large house and as I mounted the steps my knees began to shake for this was to be my first customer. A lady answered the door and asked me in. She was young and pretty and I judged she was unmarried, so I first displayed a diamond ring. As I was telling her that the price was \$250, a door opened and shut and in walked an elderly man. "Who is this", he demanded, pointing at me. "It's a salesman," she answered. "What is he selling?" he inquired. "Jewelry," she replied. "Let me see it," he demanded. He looked at it for about a minute, then he turned and screamed at me "You're a fake". And with that he kicked me out of the house. When I landed in the yard, I was on top of my jewelry and it was all broken. As I picked myself up, I heard him say "Have'nt I told you not to buy from peddlers?." That's why I quit the jewelry business.

Billy Rorke.

Her Brother's Friend

IN a city in Indiana, Ruth Chandler, a young high school girl, was going to see her friend, Alice King. She noticed a taxi-cab driving along with a very bashful young man in the back seat. When she came to the King house the taxi stopped. The young man said, "Is this the home of Gerald King, please?" "Yes it is, and I am just going to see his sister Alice," Ruth replied. "Did you want to see him?" "Yes I did, I am his friend from New York and my name is Albert Forest," said that personage.

"I am Ruth Chandler," she replied.

They went into the house together. Alice and her brother Gerald were just coming down stairs. "Why, hello Bert, are you here already? We weren't expecting you until tomorrow." "Well Gerry, doesn't it look as if I'm here. I met Ruth just coming up the steps, turning to Alice, 'Alice, as I suppose you are.'"

"Oh, never mind the girls, Bert. Come up to my room and then we'll have something to eat as I suppose you're hungry," broke in Gerry impatiently.

The two boys were off at a bound to Gerry's room. This room was on the south side of the house, facing the street. Sunlight poured in the whole year round. Bert took off his coat and the two boys ran away to the kitchen where Sarah, the colored cook, was making cakes.

"Give us something to eat quick, Sarah," gasped Gerry. "Yo, boys shouldn't eat 'tween eatin' time," replied Sarah. "Well, he's hungry," ejaculated Gerry, pointing to Albert. "Well, don't yo' tell yoah Mammy then," she said gingerly.

The boys set about to amuse themselves until Dr. and Mrs. King should come home. This was not hard to do in the big house and Gerry began showing Albert through the house. First came the library which was filled with books, pictures, statues and antique things. One of these antiques especially interested Albert. It was a cabinet filled with little drawers. Almost every place you touched was a place of concealment for a drawer. The boys looked through this, then Gerry said, "Look!" and he touched a spring and a drawer flew open revealing a beautiful ring. Bert looked closer at it and he saw that it was a beautiful opal set in diamonds.

"Oh, there's Mother and Dad. Hey! wait a minute Ma, here's Bert," cried Gerry. Mrs. King paused. She was a woman of medium height with the blue eyes and fair hair which Alice inherited. "How do you do, Albert, I'm very glad to see you, my dear," she said. "Oh, I'm all right, thank you ma'm. How are you?" Bert asked. "Fine, thank you. Well, excuse me for a minute." "Certainly," both boys replied at once.

The boys went to sleep that night and

awoke to find the sun streaming in on them. "Hey! get up," Gerry called, poking Bert. "I think it's about eight o'clock." "All right, just a sec," drawled Bert. "I've been dreaming I guess."

The boys got up and went down to breakfast singing. "Say," said Bert, "sing before breakfast, cry before night, you know, so we'd better cut it out."

That afternoon the boys were playing ball and when they came in they found everything in a turmoil. Alice was crying, Mrs. King was almost in hysterics, and Dr. King was hunting frantically all over the room.

"What's up?" demand Gerry. "Why, you know that ring that Aunt Isabelle left us in her will? Well that is gone," replied Dr. King.

Immediately glances of suspicion passed between the two boys. Into both minds came a memory of the precious afternoon. Dr. King, noticing these looks exchanged asked, "Have you seen it lately?" "Well," Gerry said reluctantly, "yesterday afternoon before you came home I was showing Albert through the house and as he was interested in the antiques in the library, I showed him the ring. But we left it in the drawer after looking at it." "It is very hard to believe but the ring is very beautiful, could you describe it to me?" Dr. King asked, turning to Albert. "I noticed it was beautiful," faltered Bert, "and it was an opal, I think, surrounded by diamonds." "Well, all right, you boys may go." Then he added to himself, "Pretty exact description of it I should say."

Whether he wanted to or not Dr. King had to go on with his profession so the next night we find him in the home of Peter Alderton, an old friend of his, who was very sick. Peter Alderton had known about the ring long before the theft. The doctor told him all about the theft and the anxiety it was causing in the King household. That night the doctor called up detective Carroll, told all the clues and told him to find the ring. The detective said he would find that the boy had it.

One day while Albert was out, a search was made through his room. It revealed nothing save an opal nearly identical to that which had been stolen.

"This looks as if he has sold the diamonds. If so, they will be next to impossible to trace," said detective Carroll.

Mrs. King, to whom the ring had been left, was lamenting because she had not put it in the bank.

Peter Alderton's finances were very low, and were daily growing worse. Dr. King was there almost every day because he did not like to have one of his patients die. One day Alderton uttered some words. These were the words: "I'm—ring—sorry—poor," with mutterings in between.

Continued on next page

Meanwhile the detective was searching all the pawnshops. He found the ring in a little one on the outskirts of the town. Then came the question, how was he to find who took it there? The keeper of the pawnshop could not remember.

Peter Alderton was daily growing worse. One day he sent for Dr. King. When the doctor was there he made a confession. "Maybe you know," said Alderton, "that my finances are very low. When you told me about the ring you did not think I was trying to find a way to get it. I had a very good friend of mine take it while you were in town the other day. I am very sorry I caused you so much anxiety. I put it in old Bill's pawnshop." After saying these words he dropped back on his pillow, dead.

Albert was relieved of all suspicion and the ring which has caused so much trouble was put into a bank, where it would be no temptation to anyone.

Velma Wilson

Hans' Wish

I wish I were a sailor
Cried little Hans one day
I'm tired of feeding chickens
And playing in the hay.

Oh! If I were a sailor
And could cross the ocean wide
I'd wear a sailor's cap
And watch the water's tide.

Yes, Mother, I'd like to be a sailor
And run away to sea.
Then I'd not have to milk the cow,
But I'd be filled with glee.

Oh, Lisette, my own dear sister
Take my straw hat from me—
For I'm going to be a sailor
And run away to sea.

I'm not pretending, sister,
Cause I'm in earnest now,
I'm going on a real ship
Around which real storms howl.

Soon I'll be saying goodbye, goodbye,
To you, Lisette, and to Mother
Cause soon the ship will come for me
On which I'll sail forever.

Aurora Houck

"The Youth's Companion"

I THINK the "Youth's Companion" is an extremely interesting educational magazine for boys and girls. There are always stories which tell us of countries far away and countries near. In the back of magazine is an interesting "Children's Page." It sometimes has a list of books telling a little about each one. This page is called "The Book Shelf."

The lives of great people such as the life of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas A. Edison are told about; stories like these are of great value to boys and girls; it gives them a fine historical background.

Each month Arthur Guiterman has a poem with a picture above it illustrating his poem. In this way he gives you a very good idea of what he wants to tell the readers.

Another page that is of interest to us is the "Facts and Comment." I can find no fault with the "Youth's Companion." It is very complete, every school should have it for their pupils. I forgot to mention the advertisements which are in it, and which are attractive and give us a lot of information about everything.

Eloise Hertel

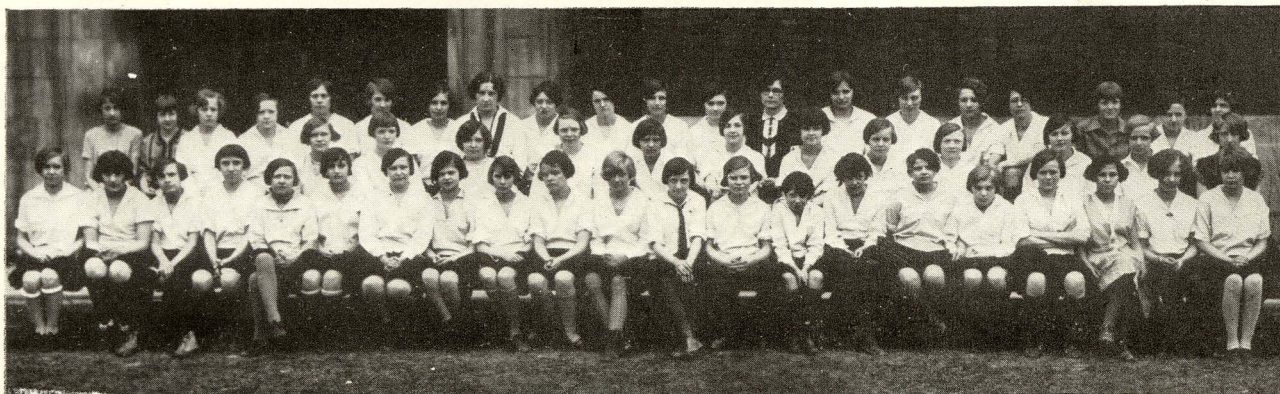
My Idea of a Room

My idea of a boy's room is a small room not far from resembling a museum. In it is a model boat in one corner of the room, a punching bag quite worn with use, and a pair of bedraggled looking boxing gloves not far away. Above the model boat there is probably a grotesque skull of some unfortunate dog collected while on a hike.

In another corner there is a radio that never would work no matter how much the owner tried to make it.

In the book case there are some appropriate books such as "Captain Kidd," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts," "Treasure Island," and "Mysterious Island." That is my idea of a room.

Edward Maxson



Girls' Physical Training, Rhythm and Tumbling Clubs



Band

Playing in the Band

I wanted to take lessons on some instrument but, on what? It was decided that I should play the clarinet, the same instrument that my father plays.

My father taught me to read notes, finger my clarinet, and a little time value. I was at that time somewhere near the age of eleven or twelve.

I took one year of private lessons from Mr. Jacobi (he teaches the flute, saxophone, and clarinet).

I joined the C. J. H. Band last fall in which there are the cornet, trombones, baritones, mellophones, saxophones, clarinets, flute, and piccolo.

The percussion instruments are drums, orchestra bells, and cymbals.

On the stage we are seated in a semi-circle, the director has his stand in the middle of the stage at the front. The cornet players are on his right, trombone players are arranged in one line instead of two. The line curves around so that with the baritone and mellophones it stretches across the stage in front of the director; on his left are the clarinets with piccolo and flute; on the flute player's left are the saxophones. In the back of the stage are the drums, cymbals, orchestra bells, and tuba.

The band played before the public on Open School Night, at the Faust production, Parent-Teacher meeting, basketball games, both "Gym" exhibitions, and at the "Merchant of Venice" production.

Our director is Mr. Flueckiger, who is very efficient in my estimation. He certainly puts pep into the band.

In any musical organization it is very important that each member watch and obey the director. You cannot very often tell what he will do next, that is, in the way of time tone.

While I am speaking of obeying the director it might interest you to know that you have to be on time to practice or go to the office for an excuse the same as pupils of any other class have to.

When playing before an audience one can see more than the people think one can see. I know, there are times that I seem to make more false notes than true ones. If I make a mistake and then see two people in the crowd talking I just know they are talking about me. It is funny the thoughts that flit through one's mind. I remember on the night that we played for "Faust" I saw one of my "grammar school" teachers and I immediately thought of the fun I had in her class.



Orchestra

In the Band, we, the future musicians, are trained to play in unison, to "lay low" (as the slang phrase is) when the other fellow is playing solo. The playing trains us to use both eyes, one for music, one for the director.

It is also a splendid training in the appreciation of good music for we are given only the best music to study.

Playing in the band surely makes the time go quickly, we stay until five o'clock every practice night. I can not tell where the year has gone. I suppose it is because we are so very, very busy.

Alice Ober

Blood For Drink

I WAS the only woman aviator during the Great War. My flying buddies called me "Flying Sal," but my real name was Sally O'Rielly, which spells green all over. Often my Irish humor got me out of many a difficult situation "over there."

I tucked the orders in my inner breast pocket and then buttoned my leather jacket about me before hopping into my monoplane. My instructions were to fly over "No Man's Land" into German territory where our spy was located and give him the orders which would tell him what to do next.

I can't imagine how they ever spotted my "camouflaged" plane, but soon another plane was following me. After a few unsuccessful shots I finally had him playing a harp. In the fight my canteen which I kept filled with water was punctured and I was also shot. It wasn't very pleasant to think of a day and a half without water and I was ready to collapse for loss of blood. Finally I could not stand it any longer, so I resorted to sucking my blood. It wasn't pleasant tasting I'll admit that; but it was better than nothing.

I soon sighted the hut where I was to meet "Spying Sam." I glided like a bird and headed for the clearing made for landing. I don't know how I reached the hut for I fainted when I tried

to get out of my plane. I think Sam carried me in, for when I came to I was in the hut and Sam was standing over the camp fire frying me an egg and making me some coffee. After dressing my wound he took his orders and left me alone. While by myself, I had time to view my surroundings. The hut had been hastily built and did not have any covering on the floor. There was a table, on which was a bottle of cordial, an overturned chair on the floor, a camp stove, a shelf, on which were some supplies, and the cot on which I was lying. A picture of his mother was hung on the wall where I could easily see it from the cot.

After lying there for two days I began to get rested. So I decided to scout around outside. I went to look over my plane and as I was returning, I heard some one shout and some unknown person grasped my arm roughly. I turned to look into the face of the fiercest looking Hun I had ever come across. In front of his gun I was made to walk and walk and walk. I knew he was taking me to a German prison that I had heard so much about.

An airplane was coming and he made me drop to the ground so as not to attract attention. The German said something that I took to mean "If you shout, I'll fill you full of lead," for he stuck his revolver into my back.

My eye caught a piece of glass which was lying close at hand. The airplane was overhead now. I picked up the piece of glass and flashed a message to the pilot. At first, I thought he didn't see the message for he went flying on but by the sound of the engine I knew he was descending. The German and I again pushed on through the the thicket. We had walked for about half a mile when I heard the voice of "Spying Sam" say, "Stick 'em up, Old Timer." The German cursed, but it didn't do him any good.

"Spying Sam" saved my life. Now I am Mrs. Sam Corkwright, alias Mrs. Spying Sam.

Margaret Berka



Mandolin Club



Booklovers, Etiquette, Spanish and Piano Clubs.

Mechanical Drawing

THE study of Mechanical Drawing as a whole is very interesting. The elementary grades of Mechanical Drawing are seventh, eighth, and ninth grades respectively.

Our two mechanical drawing teachers through an interview gave the following facts about the study which is really the basic language of industry.

Mechanical Drawing to some students is the most interesting on their program. To others it is the slowest two hours that they ever spent pushing a pencil. Both teachers agree that the 7B grade is their slowest class to get started. The main reason for this is the fact that it is new to them, and possibly the idea that their teacher is a man who frightens them a bit — maybe a whole lot.

Nevertheless the seventh grade work is taken up to teach the pupil accuracy, neatness and trade practice.

The eighth grade is a gradual climb to more thorough and complete drawings, taking in machine drawings such as a crank, ventilator cap, machine bolt and many others.

In the ninth grade the work and the teacher show a decided improvement as the teacher seems to have a more cheerful look and the

drawings seems to be easier, Mr. Mussatto and Mr. Long can truthfully say that their 9 A class on the average are the fastest progressing classes that they teach.

Aesop 2000 years ago said: "A bird in the hand is worth a stitch in time," (loud laughter) but now in 1927 Mr. Long says, "Because" Mechanical Drawing is used so extensively in the world, every man should be able to read a drawing. For the same reason that the fundamentals of any foreign language are taught in the Junior High School, so also should the fundamentals of this Universal Language be taught to all boys in this Junior High grade." Mr. Mussatto also adds that "Drawings executed by the aid of instruments are called mechanical drawings. Generally the term is associated with drawings representing machinery only. But all drawings must be accurately made, and for the execution of which recourse must be had to instruments, may be classed among mechanical drawings."

Jack Prine

"What did they say when your horse fell in the swimming pool?"

"Oh everybody yelled, 'Pull out the plug.'"



Our Community Workers



Boys' Physical Training, Outdoor Sports and Tumbling Clubs.

My Favorite Author

I call Louisa Mae Alcott my favorite author because she seems to understand the real life of girls. She writes about boys too, but I like the stories about girls best, because I am a girl myself. I think the best story that she wrote about girls is "Little Women." I like this so well because everything that happens seems true and natural. In the first part of the book it pictures the hard life of the family while their father is in war. The other part of the book is happier because their father returns and Jo gets married to Mr. Bhaer. Then they all live a very happy life. This story is continued in another book of this author, namely "Little Men." I think "Little Women" especially appeals to girls and every girl ought to read it because it teaches many lessons.

Julia Kottnauer

Young Writers

IN Miss Clark's eighth hour class we have a number of young writers. Every Wednesday we take a part of the hour to hear the stories. One of the most interesting stories is "Under Northern Skies" by Donna Wallace.

It is a story of a trip north to discover hidden gold. It is not a short story as you would think but a regular book.

Another is "Her First Trip Abroad," written by Rose May Schwinck. This is also a very exciting story of a girl who has many experiences on an ocean liner.

Mildred Butler is our poet. Her poem "Sunset" is in this issue. A number of other girls are writing stories but have not yet decided the names. We hope to find one of these stories in the Reflector.

Esther Montgomery

"You seniors aren't what you used to be."

"How's that?"

"You were juniors last year, weren't you?"

The Chariot Race

ONCE upon a time when the world was just beginning, King Polonias, a merman, decided to have a chariot race. All the young mermen were training their steeds for this great festivity.

Stumpingham town was the largest city underneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean near Georgia, therefore the King had his palace there. He lived with his wife and son besides all of their servants in a beautiful palace of seaweed and colored stones. It was situated near—"What does situated mean?" piped up the small voice of my cousin Marcia.

"Well, situated means located." The town was located in a hollow near the coast.

The young prince, Thornton, was to drive a chariot also. He had four coal-black steeds and a magnificent chariot of colored seaweed. When he was christened, a fairy said that he would always be able to win in everything he undertook.

At last the big day came, and all the mermen and mermaids sat in a big grandstand around the race track. Finally all the chariots came out of a stable at one end of the grounds and lined up. All the people were cheering for all they were worth. A pistol cracked and they were off.

At first a young merman by the name of Percival was ahead, and then the prince shot past him. He won the race. While his horses were running, they began to foam at the mouth, and they foamed so much that it all went to the surface of the waters. Ever since then when it foams, you will know that the people in the water are having a chariot race.

Margretta Kollig

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history book, "landed in England in A. D. 1066."

"What does A. D. stand for?," inquired the teacher.

"After dark," replied the boy.



Camp Cooking and Fancy Work Clubs; Junior Mothers and Little Mothers League.

What We Found Out

SOME of the girls in Mrs. Sanford's eighth hour Hygiene class wished to know what Central Junior High School eats so some of the girls went up to the Cafeteria at noon and took down the lunches of the pupils and teachers. After they took down the lunches they brought them to class. The papers with the lunches on were given to some other girls who tabulated them under four big headings: sweet lunches, protein lunches, starchy lunches, and correct lunches. Our results were interesting. See chart for results.

In order that you may know what these different food groups include we shall tell you.

1. Starchy foods are all those made from any kind of grains (wheat, rye, corn, or rice) or potatoes.

2. Sweet foods are candy, sweet deserts, and puddings.

3. Protein foods are meats, cheese, fish, jello, eggs, and beans.

4. The ideal lunch would consist of a starch, not more than one protein, fruit, or vegetable (other than potatoes) and a good beverage, such as fruit juices, cocoa, milk, or 400. Classified according to predominating food.

You will see that out of 1,035 lunches 662 lunches were too starchy. In this group there were lunches like this: potatoes scalloped, macaroni, potato salad, sandwich.

Out of 1,035 lunches 231 were too much protein, such as this: beans, roast beef, jello and egg salad.

Out of 1,035 were 36 too sweet, such as this: cake, ice cream, candy bar, butter scotch pie.

Here are several good lunches which the girls of our class agreed were "A" lunches:

Sandwich, fruit salad, milk, meat, potatoes, vegetable, 400, soup, chip beef on toast, fruit salad, sliced pineapple, milk.

Out of 1025 lunches 106 were in this class.

Here is a little story: One day as I walked into the Cafeteria I overheard a conversation that

went something like this. This conversation was between Susie Stout and her friend.

"I can't get anything to eat up here unless it is something to make me stouter," sighed Susie Stout.

"Nor I," said her friend.

Susie's lunch was of cake, ice cream, candy bar, and pie. Her friend's was the same. The boy ahead of me was Johnny Grumpy who always had a stomach ache. He had beans, pickles, olives, ice cream, and milk.

After I chose my lunch I went to sit at a table. It happened I sat near Susie Stout so I heard more of her conversation.

"Here comes Miss Billie Up-To-Date," said Susie Stout to her friend.

I looked up to see a smart looking girl walk by and I looked to see what she took to eat. She took soup, cream chip beef on toast, fruit salad, and a bottle of milk. Soon she walked over and sat by Susie Stout.

"I don't see how you keep so thin and good looking. I wish I could," cried Susie Stout.

"And I," repeated her friend.

"It's what you eat, Susie," said Miss Billie Up-To-Date. "You choose what I tell you and see if you don't lose weight."

"We will", cried the two girls.

And today they are eating what Billie Up-To-Date tells them to.

I hope you all want to be Billie Up-To-Date. If so choose your food wisely.

Frances Wrege

Committee: Lucille Fliegel, Chairman; Frances Wrege, Secretary; Eleanor Stull, Alma Whalen, Verdia Negim, Madeline Palmer, Elaine Hartz, Helen Moore, Evelyn Keck, Violet Mose, Dorothy Sny. Mary Van Welde, Pearl Haas, Ethel Houston, Arlene Nash, Analyle Merchant, Irene Roggman, Beatrice Killmer, Evelyn Steele, Marjorie McKinney.



Theatre Craft, Bird, Flower and Radio Clubs,

A Bit of Gummed Paper

SOME people may think that stamp collecting is "all the rot," but I fail to agree with them, for stamp-collecting is my idea of a hobby that is really worth while.

It is an education in itself, being so closely connected with history, as many events such as wars, treaties, changes in rulers, deaths of great men, and the like have caused new stamps to be issued. Nations often issue stamps to commemorate important happenings in their past history. Examples of such stamps are the United States Columbian Issue of 1893, and the Canadian Quebec Issue of 1908.

Stamp-collecting or philately, as it often called also teaches geography. If I were not a stamp collector I never would have heard of such small, out-of-the-way countries as Anjouan Renya, Travancore, Diego-Suarez, and Allenstein. I may add that I had one terrible time trying to find Anjouan on the map.

Not only is it educational but it is financially profitable. Each and every postage-stamp, that has been legitimately issued has some value, which is anywhere from one cent to 32,500 dollars. I never expect to have one worth that much because there is only one of that kind in existence that being the one cent British Guiana stamp issued in 1859. The value of stamps is set by the Scott Stamp Co. of New York, who publish each year the Scott Standard Postage-Stamp Catalogue which gives the value of every stamp, used and unused, which has been issued up to that time.

In the course of collecting, one gradually becomes more interested in the stamps, probably selling the stamps of other countrys. I myself will most likely be a United States' stamp specialist before the year of 1928 has arrived. However, I have stamps from all over the world mounted in my album at the present time, and I am always happy while turning the pages of my album and gazing at these many beautiful "bits of paper." Can you blame me?

William Groening

What Others Think of Us

IT is always interesting to know what others think of us and through our exchanges with other school papers we have the opportunity to learn this. We have received many favorable comments during the past year on the Reflector. We exchange publications with a great many of school papers scattered all over the United States. It is a pleasure to list below a number of school papers who have commented favorably on the Reflector and to note the fact that they come from school papers located in thirteen different states of the Union. Denver, Col. and St. Petersburg, Fla., being the farthest points that we have heard from. We would like to reprint all of the nice things that have been said about us, but space permits the use of only a few.

"The Arrow," Pontiac, Mich. Your literary material is very good especially the poetry. We like your continued story "My African Baseball Team," by Professor Ebenezer Ketchbugs.

"The Echo," Gladwin, Mich. Your paper is very neat and interesting and is also up-to-date and newsy.

"The Wadleigh Life," Winchester, Mass. Poems and stories are interesting.

"Boys Junior High Echo," St. Petersburg, Fla.

"Stetsonian," Philadelphia, Pa. We wish to congratulate you on the work of your musical clubs.

"The Blue and White," Belle Vernon, Pa.

"The Elm Leaf," Reading Pa.

"The Sunset," Davenport, Ill.

"The Dewey-Mann School," Chester, Pa.

"The Artisan," Boston, Mass.

"R.H.S. Searchlight," Richmond, Va. Some jokes would add a great deal to your magazine we feel. Your poem "The Traffic Squad" is worthy of much laud.

"The Blare Review," Norfolk, Va.

"The Broadcaster," Nashua, New Hampshire. The Athletic or sport department is very good. The magazine is neatly arranged.

William Rorke



Girl Scouts, Girl Reserves, Scout Coaching, Campfire and Traffic Clubs.

Sewing

UNDER the supervision of our capable teachers the work done by the girls in sewing this year has turned out very satisfactorily. The purpose of sewing is to give the girls a background for advanced work. They learn the fundamental stitches on cotton and linen, in order that they will be able to handle the difficult materials later on.

The appreciation of good lines and color, though of simple material, is taught. The girls learn how to budget and plan their clothing money.

After a girl makes a garment in class, she unconsciously looks forward to making something else of her own. She soon finds herself able to plan all of her own clothes. Then she begins to pass judgment on ready-made and make comparisons in her own mind.

It is a grand and glorious feeling when a girl finds that her fingers will obey her mind and she is able to create something that looks like her mental pictures of a dress. She has then learned the joy of working with her hands.

The seventh grade girls found that after learning how to patch and darn they could begin making a few simple pieces of their own clothing, such as bloomers, slips, and nightgowns.

The eighth grade learn how to make different seams, how to hem, gather, pleat, and make different necks. The ninth grade makes step-ins, vests, a school dress with a few more involved processes in it than a middie or blouse. You see we take sewing for other reasons than just getting good marks and two hours credit.

Frances Butler

Spring Is Here

The grass is growing bright and green
The flower blooms are showing,
And over countries far and wide
The cool, sweet wind is blowing.
In the little brook the speckled trout
Are playing merry capers.
Our friend the robin sings a song
To every lad and lassie,
While he gently flits along the ground
That is now so green and grassy,
The fields are bright with the pretty flowers
The daintiest, the fairest;
So God in his wonderful gift of love
Gives us Spring, the dearest and rarest.

Frances Cooper



Girls' Business and Typing Clubs.

Typewriting

CLICK-lik-click-click-click— "What's that?" a friend inquired as we were walking down the second corridor. "Oh, that's the music in 211," I replied. "Is that a music room?" she asked. Then I explained to her that I didn't really mean music but that to those who liked typing and appreciated its value the click-click of those fifty-eight typewriters really seemed like music.

I wonder how many stop to think just what the typewriter has done for the world? In freeing the world from pen slavery the typewriter has saved a volume of time and labor and has facilitated and made possible the enormous growth of modern business. It was the typewriter which first opened to women the doors of business life and in so doing it has brought about a transformation in our whole social order, it has changed our modern system of education in many of its most important phases; it has helped to bring the whole world into closer relationship.

The typewriter is only a little over fifty years old. Like many other great inventions it came in recognition of a need and today its use is world-wide. There is no article of commerce more universal in its distribution. Everywhere on earth today where man is found with ability to read and write, there is found the typewriter. The following statement may help you in visualizing this fact: Some years ago a linguistic genius conceived the idea of collecting typewritten translation of the motto, "To save time is to lengthen life," in all the languages of the world. The collection in 1923 had grown to eighty-four languages.

In commercial education the typewriter has long since established its reign. Its use in the business world, in colleges, and in senior and junior high schools is universal. It may be a long time before the typewriter is established in the elementary schools as an educational implement as necessary as charts and blackboards but in the home this service has already begun and will be extended with every passing year.

It is by no means easy to learn to typewrite. Correct habits must be formed from the beginning if we expect to succeed. We must pay close attention to our technique, rhythm and accuracy. We are admonished over and over again by our instructors not to cheat ourselves even once by watching our keys or the work on our machine but to keep our eyes on our copy. We are told that the habits which we form during our first month or two of practice will remain with us during all the years that we use the typewriter. Is it not then worth while to form correct habits from the beginning, and need one ask—"Why learn to typewrite?"

In closing we add the words of Sholes whose name is little known today in the world of business of which he transformed with his invention of the typewriter. In one of the last letters that he ever wrote he said: "Whatever I may have felt in the early days of the value of the typewriter, it is obviously a blessing to mankind, and especially to womankind. I am glad I had something to do with it. I builded wiser than I knew, and the world has the benefit of it."

Weltha Finley

The Reflector Staff wishes to thank Miss Thayer and the members of her typing class for their splendid cooperation in typing copy for this issue.

Reflector Staff

Chapel Program

During the Assembly Hour on April 12 and 13, a novel and interesting program was given by the Book Lovers' Club. On the stage was a huge book and as the first pages were turned well-known advertisements were represented by living models; such as a dainty Japanese girl carrying a bar of soap advertising Jap Rose Soap, a stout Dutch girl carrying a cup on a tray advertising Baker's cocoa; and another wielding a broom stick representing Dutch Cleanser. On the next page members portrayed the characters of well loved books, "Jo's Boys," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "A Girl of the Limberlost," and "Freckles." A poem recited by girls was on the following page. As no book is complete without music the song "Always" followed, sung by a girl accompanied by the piano. As the next page was turned a book report of "Limpy" was revealed. A poem telling the sorrows of a red-headed girl formed the following page. One of the clever "Cream of Wheat" ads so familiar to readers completed the book.

Gertrude Swanson

The Blue Boy

The very fine copy of this famous picture "The Blue Boy," which was used in our play "Officer 666" was made by Miss Cora McEachron, in the art department Central Junior High; the frame was made by Mr. Christie, of our woodwork department, and Miss Louise Austin of the art department decorated the frame. Isn't cooperation a winner?

A Future Latin Star

Frederick Seitner, studying his Latin lesson, asked his little sister Emily:

"Emily, what are the principal parts of the Latin verb do?"

And Emily answered readily:

"Do, re, mi!"



First Aid, Arts and Crafts, Cartoon, Poster, and Scrap Book Clubs

My Ideal Kitchen

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea.

IN this day and age electricity is not only used for lighting purposes and factory work, but it is used in homes where housewives cook and clean with electrical appliances. In my ideal kitchen I hope to have a great many electrical things. In the first place I will describe to you what I consider to be a perfect kitchen—one easy to work in and one easy to keep clean.

The wall and woodwork of my kitchen will be painted a light color and have a little stenciled border around the top. I hope to have an inlaid linoleum which will be glued to the floor and then varnished. By having it varnished it will have a hard surface that will make it easy to keep clean.

Have you heard of the new electrical stove whose oven will go on and off according to the way you set it? Imagine going down town and coming home at six o'clock and finding your meat done to a turn.

An ice box with an electrical refrigerator I would like to have. Several cupboards are necessary; one in particular opening to the out-

side so that groceries and the like can be put in there. A sink combined with an electrical dishwasher with soft, hot and cold water will also have to be in my kitchen.

To make this workshop complete I will also have to have a "Kitchen-Aid" a machine that can mix and strain food. An electric toaster, coffee perculator, iron, and vacuum cleaner are other items necessary to complete this ideal kitchen where I expect to make you all a cup of tea on my new electric stove and served in my breakfast corner.

A cozy little breakfast nook painted blue with a bench on either side will be in one corner, and in the center of the room will be a porcelain kitchen table with at least two drawers or more. An incinerator and clothes chute will also open into this kitchen.

Margretta Kollig

Can't You Guess?

Joe: "How do they take the census in Scotland?"

Sam: "You got me, how?"

Jce: "They roll a penny down the main street."



Boat, Cabinet, Printing, and Wood Turning Clubs



Outdoor Sports and Physical Training Clubs.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

IN this beautiful poem the poet, W. B. Yeats, wishes to go back to Innisfree, his old home dwelling. He is probably visiting in England or America.

Innisfree is in Ireland. The line "There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow," means that W. B. Yeats thinks midnight is a beautiful time when the stars are all glimmering, "and noon a purple glow" means when the sun is in the zenith;

"And evening full of the linnet's wings," means that he can hear the rustling of the birds, wings as they fly together in flocks.

Here is the poem:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin built there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey
bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sound by the shore;
While I stand on the road way, or on the pavemennt
gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The last line of the poem: "I hear it in the deep heart's core" means that he hears a call that is calling him back to old Innisfree where it is peaceful.

Betty Boergert

Home Room 315

Home Room 315 has contributed in money what each one felt he could give toward the Mississippi Flood sufferers and also for "Old Ironsides." Old Ironsides took a prominent part in the war of 1812 and is now being remodeled with the funds provided by children of the United States.

Helen Wallace

Commercial Geography

COMMERCIAL Geography as we study it now is not the subject that we studied in the grade school, but is a study of textiles, rubber, etc. Ordinarily we never stop to think what the things which we wear, use, and need are made of, but in Commercial Geography you study this and find it of great interest to know these things. Another thing that we were taught was map study. In this study we all colored a small map of the United States. Later on we found out that we could do something that would help the seventh graders. All of us could not do this, which was to help make large maps of all the continents. The pupils having the best map of the United States helped to make the larger maps. After the maps were all drawn and colored they were ready for the seventh graders to use. They used these maps while studying regions, but on them they pasted pictures of the things you find in those districts.

We continued to study Commercial Geography, and while studying different things our study was made interesting by slides which were shown to us on the topics we were studying. Each pupil was given a topic and he told it during the time when the certain slide was shown.

One day our teacher was asked by the Women's Club to get a map of Michigan for Michigan Day. Our teacher went to all the schools of Saginaw and found out that there was not any large map of Michigan in our town.

So it was up to her to make one and she did. But there were four of us girls that colored it. When it was finished we took it to a member of the club who was greatly pleased with it. She said that it was so good that after Michigan Day it would be hung in the Hoyt Library for the smaller children to use. We were all pleased to hear this. Now as the school year ends we find that our Commercial Geography is very interesting.

Caroline Fout

Latin

LATIN ! A subject dreaded by some and liked by others. Many pupils take other foreign languages because they think LATIN too hard. Having never taken another language I can not say, but I do know that LATIN is the foundation of all foreign languages so it really pays to get at least two years of Latin before attempting any other language.

Our regular work is relieved by test, contests and outside work. To many the word test may not bring relief, but when two classes are contesting to see which is the better a test does much to prove the truth. This is the way the academic class proved that they are more than a match for the college preparatory class. The C. P. class tried to redeem themselves after once being defeated. Here their average was nearly twenty points lower than the Academic's. Next a contest was held. Although the C. P. class started out with six or seven more than the Academic, the latter had six brave undefeated contestants standing when the last C. P. man was vanquished. The third triumph for the Academic class came when their average on another test was four points the higher.

The eighth grade pupils kept individual notebooks. These contain clippings from papers and elsewhere, which pertain to Latin. Other eighth grade classes keep cultural notebooks. Besides clippings these contain advertisements and stories which have something to do with Latin. One 8B and 8A class has Friday set aside as Cultural Day. The 8B class represented notable Romans. One would give the biography of the person he was representing and the other guesses. The 8A class represented mythological characters in the same way.

The ninth grade classes do considerable outside work. The first semester we drew a map of Italy and kept a class scrapbook. Each pupil contributed articles or clippings to it and worked hard to complete it.

We studied myths and pupils wrote some. One of our most interesting things of outside work was our travel talks.

One of the talks was on Naples, one of Italy's most beautiful cities. Towering above it to a height of four thousand feet is the volcano, Vesuvius, which seems to threaten the heavens with its smoking torch. The fishermen along the Bay of Naples appear to be almost as old as the city itself, but hard labor has caused these wrinkles. The streets of Naples are about six feet wide and seem even narrower because of the gloomy tenement houses which rise to an amazing height and stop only when poverty will climb no higher.

The next talk was on Venice. The city is much more beautiful at night because the lights gleam upon the waters and the music from the

gondolas can be heard. Here there are over 450 bridges and it was here that the great composer Wagner died.

To me the most interesting lecture was on Rome. The City of Seven Hills, the Eternal City, City of Caesar's, Mother of Cities, City of the Tiber, the City of Fountains, these and many more were the names given to Rome, a city which still holds world interest.

There are many places I should like to visit if I ever went to Rome, too many to be mentioned here. A few of them are the ancient Tiber with its solitary island, the Temple of Vesta where the six Vestals kept the sacred fire burning, the Roman Forum, a sunken square from which at various points rise columns, arches, and crumbling walls. You often hear the phrase, "All roads lead to Rome." Well, all distances were measured from the Golden milestone in Rome to Palestine, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Britian. The arches of Titus and Constantine can not be passed without notice. In the Colosseum in olden days could be seen all sorts of cruel pastimes. Men and beasts killed for the pleasure of others. The Colosseum held eighty-seven thousand.

Some other places of interest are the Amphitheatre, the great aqueducts, the Roman baths, for the Romans were much cleaner then we are. One emperor bathed eight times a day and even ate his meals in a bath. Last of all I should like to see the Vatican home of the Pope and St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest in Europe.

Before the end of the year we hope to have a few more talks taking up cities in other countries.

Frances Butler

The Storm

April 21, 1927

A sudden hush—then stillness!
Gray clouds, white-tinged' scud
fast and furious high overhead
Followed by a blackening gray of rain
About to descend from on-coming dimness.
A bird swoops low with fear
Then darts chirping to her high nest;
Lightning, fork-tined, splits the gray west
And bathes us in its overflow.
A sudden gust—a giving way—
Dry leaves and paper whirl frantic'ly
As puny dwarfs before a wicked monster;
Mothers, panic-stricken, call their children in from play,
Bare limbs bend low their tough sinews before the
mighty on-slaught,
Torrents rush in gust after gust,
And drench the mud-soaked road,
Thunder, deep-voiced, rolls its mighty accents thru our
souls—
We, mere pigmies, grope for fear,
Yet e'en a sparrow doth not fall,
But Our Father mindeth him!

Lora C. Staebell



Girls' Baseball

Girls' Athletics

THE Physical Education Department of Central Junior is to be credited for the fine work they have accomplished this school year. The inter-home room contests arranged by Miss Dailey and Mrs. Sanford have proved a great success in getting the girls together.

In February we had the basket-ball tournaments, resulting in the championship for Home Room 213. Home Room 311 and 201 coming in for second and third places. The banners for the winning teams were awarded in assembly.

In March the gym exhibits kept both instructors busy, some of the outstanding classes were Mrs. Sanford's clown dance and Miss Dailey's girls' tumbling class; these were splendid examples of the fine training both instructors gave to the pupils.

The Baseball tournament started in April and the winner of the banner for first place was Home Room 213. There was no consolation series as there was not sufficient time.

Miss Dailey had charge of the school baseball team and the girls proved themselves champions.

The next big thing is "track." The pupils who are interested in sports are drilling hard for the big meet over at Hoyt Park on June 2. Here's hoping that Central does as well this year as last, and maybe even better.

Dorothy Warne

The Moonlight Fairies

The silvery moon is shining tonight,
The willows bow over the stream;
The fairies and elves come dancing about,
Their chance is best when the moon is out,
They must have slipped from a dream.

The velvety grass so soft and green,
Is the carpet upon which they dance,
The fairies in lace, with beautiful grace,
Golden curls about their face,
Smile when the frisky elves prance.

The silvery moon is shining tonight,
I can see the milky way;
The fairies and elves are dancing there still,
By the light of the moon on yonder hill,
Now a ray of sunlight and they're gone for the day.

Betty M. Boergert



Girls' Volley Ball



Boys' Lightweight Basket Ball Team

Sports

THE first sport of the season is Soccer. Of course Mr. Boch took care of this as he always does, and almost turned out a winning team. Due to the lack of spirit on the part of the pupils our team came in second. They won three games, tied two, and lost one.

Next comes Basketball. To begin with our light weight team won the championship by winning five games, and losing one. (I forgot to mention the fact that the light weight division was coached by Mr. Roush.)

Along about this time our Gym exhibitions were given. They took in all the different kinds of exercises including, dumbbell, wand, and Indian club drills. Through the fine cooperation of our Gym faculty, Mr. Boch, Mr. Roush, Mrs. Sanford, and Miss Dailey, it was a complete success.

Following the exhibitions comes the home room basket ball schedule. Many different

games were played and fine sportsmanship was shown. The winner of this schedule was Home Room 214. The winner of the consolation series was Home Room 104.

Going on now is a play ground ball schedule, and is being played off. The winner will be announced in the September issue of the Reflector.

The season on is now for baseball. Mr. Bock, our coach, says that this year is going to be a championship year for our baseball team. All the games that we have played were easily won. Captain George Boertles is managing the team like a veteran.

Along with baseball comes track. On June 2, the Track Meet will come off with other schools supposedly present. Mr. Roush claims to be an expert at track coaching and we know that he is. So let us get behind him and push, and win the championship banner again this year.

Jack Prine



Boys' Soccer Team



Boys' Baseball Team

How the Mosquito Got a Dagger

ONE day Mr. Florida Mosquito was taking a little air tour above the swamps of Panama. "My, I'm certainly thirsty today," the mosquito muttered to himself.

Suddenly he came upon a large swamp full of insects just like him. "Hum, I guess I'll investigate," said the mosquito in a curious tone.

"I am the famous major from Florida," the F. Mosquito said, introducing himself to the other mosquitoes.

The mosquito who acted as captain of the squad of poisoners remarked, "We are Malaria Mosquitoes. We got our daggers by colliding into a bush similar to a thorn bush, but instead of having thorns it had small, sharp needles on it. The needle would enter our face, which was fortunate for us, for we are having a delightful time stinging people. The other day we saw ten white men in agony caused by our excitable sport. How would you like to be one of our company?"

"Hum, hum. Say I guess I will join your comrades and be hero of the stinging sport. First I'll get a dagger," the Florida Mosquito replied.

The mosquito flew away as fast as he could towards a "needle" bush. One of the needles entered his face painfully. He didn't care, as he was going to cause much more pain with the thing that pained him.

Two months later a letter was found beside his grave. It read:

"Have caused many deaths but Colonel Gorgas got th best of me."

Signed, Mr. F. Mosquito.
William Stevens

Civics

Mrs. Walsh's second hour civics class had a Nationalization Test, May 10, 1927. Out of a class of 40 every one passed the test. We then took the oath of allegiance and sang the first stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Walter Weber.

How We Got the Lady Slippers

There was once a very beautiful lady who lived in the reign of King Arthur. She was so lovely that her father would not leave her out of his sight. But she was as clever as she was beautiful.

She was betrothed to the gardener who was rather handsome himself. One day when she went out to see him, she gave him a slipper covered with jewels, as a token of her love for him.

That night they were to go away to another kingdom. While on their journey the jewels kept falling off the slipper to the ground. Wherever a jewel fell a lovely plant with flowers shaped like the maiden's slipper sprang up.

This is how the ladyslipper originated.

Arvilla Wendt

Art

Miss Austin's fifth hour Monday and Wednesday art class had an exhibition of the applied art work done by that class, in room 203. It was very pretty, the girls surely did fine work. Their designs were applied to handkerchiefs, scarfs, towels and pillow tops. There were also some batik handkerchiefs from Miss Austin's Arts and Crafts Club. Cleota Thomas made a batik handkerchief valued at \$2.50. These articles have been on exhibition at the Hoyt Library.

Donna Pequignot

"Rest in Peace, Until—"

A lady had lost her husband, and had given instructions to the stone mason as to the wording on the tombstone, the ending to be "Rest in Peace." In the meantime, her late husband's will disclosed the fact that she had been somewhat shabbily treated.

She rushed to the stone mason and told him to omit the words "Rest in Peace."

"I'm very sorry," he replied, "but they have already been carved."

"Very well," said the lady, "then add, 'Until We Meet Again.'"

This War Stuff

MANY people are interested in our foreign relations towards China, Mexico, and Nicaragua. This thing needs clearing up. Everybody is going around prophesying a war like proverbial prophets always do, but President Coolidge expresses a different view. The contents of this view were exposed at a dinner given by the U. S. Press Association. The President's speech is a reply to those Americans who have been criticizing the foreign policy of his administration. Those honorables take the stand that the dispute between Mexico should have been settled by arbitration, and that the U. S. should withdraw her marines and warships from Nicaragua and China. Their view is that citizens in foreign countries should take their own risks and that the government shouldn't feel bound to protect them.

The President's reply to this is as follows: While it is a well established international law that we have no right meddling in the domestic affairs of other countries in their dealings with their own citizens, it is equally well established that our Government has certain rights, and certain duties toward our own citizens and property wherever they may be located.

The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the Nations, even when abroad. On the other hand there is a distinct and binding obligation on the part of all self-respecting nations to protect the person and property of their citizens. These rights go with the citizen. Wherever he goes these duties of our government must follow him.

This message points out the answer to the dispute with Mexico. The dispute is: The Mexicans claim that the property there belongs to their republic. Congress claims it was purchased before 1917, therefore it is legal.

Many times war prophets prophesied another war, but we did not have one. We explained to the Mexicans, they explained to us the result was that the dispute was ended peacefully. Recently their minister to the United States expressed a wish from the Mexican people. The wish was: We wish to keep on friendly terms with America. This Congress was only too glad to grant.

The President has this to say about Nicaragua: For twelve years we have kept a force of marines in Nicaragua and while they were there everything was calm and peaceful like (this does not tally with my knowledge of the marines). When we withdrew our troops a revolution was started; the people elected a new president; our government recognized him, and we are "at peace with the world." (By Irving Berlin.)

Marjorie McKinney

Too Good to be True

AS I awakened by my four cylinder, forty horse power, thirty-six pound, noiseless, patented waking machine, I saw that it was raining, and so I pressed a button labeled "Clothes for Stormy Weather." I had hardly finished when I heard a grinding of wheels, and I was lifted up on the mattress by pulleys and carried into the bathroom where I was dumped into the waiting bath water.

Very soon I was lifted out and dried by a revolving towel. As I started to take a step the floor began to move, and a chair was thrust out from nowhere.

Around the bend in the hall the floor stopped and a rack of some twenty-five suits or more was pushed in front of me. A short distance and the floor again stopped and out of the ceiling came a rack of shoes. Each pair was equipped with rubbers, as I had pushed the button for clothes for stormy weather.

As the floor moved on, I noticed a door ahead opening by itself, which led into the dining room, and as I came in I saw a chair moving out which (as I sat down in it) moved up to the table. At my right was a row of buttons labeled, pancakes, cream of wheat, bacon and eggs and other delightful breakfast things.

After a hearty breakfast I was carried swiftly out on the front porch, clad in a rain-coat and a hat which had been put on the minute I left the table.

N. B. There was only one flaw to all this I had to push the button.

Morley Warren

Rhythm Club

The rhythm club has met in the girls' gym every Friday at clearing hour since the beginning of the school year.

The club was started by Mrs. Sanford and she has acted as its sponsor. The purpose of the club is to have its members know and feel rhythm. We have made fine progress during the year and our first big project was clogging.

We are now taking up Greek Friezes, working with balloons and scarfs and are spending the time now in developing the folding and unfolding of a flower.

At the first of the hour we all take different back exercises, folding and unfolding is among them. After we feel relaxed and free, we translate different music, each telling what story she thinks the music tells.

Then we practice the "frieze" work. Following this we have a few minutes of free play.

The club membership is about thirty and to enjoy the work one must take it seriously.

Dorothy Warne

Vocational Guidance

IN the Vocational Civics and Information classes of Central Junior High School, the boys and girls learn how they can discover their abilities and get help in choosing their life work. They also study different occupations.

All seventh and eighth grade pupils study educational and vocational information. The ninth grades study vocational civics.

All 7B pupils study how the world's work is done and how to be successful both in school and after school days are past. They study habits and personality. In the 7A classes pupils plan educational futures. They read "Stories of the Day's Work," and biographies of successful men and women.

The 9B3 and 9A3 groups study vocational civic, make charts, and keep notebooks with pictures and information of different kinds of occupations, woodwork, cabinet, woodturning, forging, sheet metal, machine shop, cement, plumbing, printing, and electricity. Girls have foods clothing, bookkeeping, typing, art, costume designing.

In 8B classes all pupils learn how to apply for a position, write letters of application, and start the study of occupations. They write business letters to see if they can write an application that will succeed in getting a position. In the 8A classes pupils study occupations and get practise in filing and learn about junior office work. By studying the different kinds of occupations, the boys and girls learn about the work they would like to do and also what they are best fitted for.

The Central Junior High School counselor is Mr. B. F. Staebell. If a boy or girl is behind in his studies he goes to Mr. Staebell to find out how he can improve. Pupils also go to him to get help in choosing an occupation or getting a job. Home room teachers are also counselors for their groups. This year all vocational boys took the Stenquist Mechanical Aptitude tests to help them find out their mechanical ability.

Viola Haefele and
Martha Dubay

Why Some Roses Climb and Others Do Not

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful bush of roses. This bush of roses loved to stay at home and have her friends admire her beauty.

There was also another bush of roses who loved to stay at home, but her petals did not fold as closely as did the others, nor were they so fine, and just because she wanted to be different, told everybody that she longed to climb away.

One day Mother Nature heard her conver-
sing with some of her neighbors, and she thought she would give her a chance to climb and be different from her friends, so touching her with her wand, she said, "You may climb all you want to, dear rose."

So the rambler—for that is what the people call her—has been forced to climb ever since while the other roses may stay at home in peace.

Clara Reinke

Limericks From The Vocational Classes

There was an old man from Calcutta,
Who always used to stutta.
He screwed up his face,
When he tried to say grace,
That poor old man from Calcutta.

Gerald Bark

There was a farmer from Wooster,
Who had a very fine rooster,
One day it died,
The farmer he cried,
Now it does not cry like it uster.

Doris Perkins

There was a woman from Wheeler,
Who went to a funny old dealer.
She asked for some bread,
She gave her some thread,
That funny old dealer in Wheeler.

Freda Arndt

There was an old miser in Siam,
Who said, "There's no one so saving as I am."
Giving a dime
He considered a crime
This stingy old miser in Siam.

Lorraine Bartell



Maintenance Staff

Statement

of Receipts and Disbursements and Disposals of Central Junior High School Fund
from January 30, 1927 to April 30, 1927

RECEIPTS, February, 1927							
January 30	Balance		\$53.29	March 23	S. Wise, "Make-up"		2.00
February 1	Picture		39.20	" 23	S. Gronzik, Checkroom		4.00
" 8	Picture		37.50	" 23	Mrs. Meredith, Janitor service		3.00
" 16	Picture		38.00	" 23	Mr. Tolbert, " "		3.00
" 23	Picture		59.56	" 23	Mr. Clarke, " "		3.00
			227.55	" 23	Mr. Lachapelle, " "		5.00
DISBURSEMENTS, February, 1927				" 23	C. Phillips, Engineer service		1.50
February 1	Wm. Olson, Official at			" 23	J. Stimpson, " "		1.50
" 3	Webber Game	\$ 4.00		" 23	G. Thompson, " "		3.00
" 8	Films	15.90		" 23	Wm. Olson, Tournament Official		50.00
" 10	Postmaster, advertising	6.50		" 23	George Kline, " "		50.00
" 15	Films	16.17		" 23	M. N. Burger, Tournament Fee		10.80
" 16	H. Huebner, Official at			" 23	T. M. Clay, " "		8.00
" 16	South Game	4.00		" 23	E. R. Ardis, " "		22.50
" 16	McGee-Finlay, Athletic supplies	50.00		" 23	T. Ousterhout, " "		14.40
" 16	Potter Stamp Co., Badges	36.25		" 23	M. S. Vanderloop, " "		8.50
" 17	Films	21.38		" 23	Bay City-St. Mary's " "		21.60
" 23	Films	4.34		" 23	E. L. Jones, " "		37.80
" 23	National Grocery Co.,	16.00		" 23	Supt. of Merrill		18.00
" 23	Seeman & Peters, Cuts	4.95		" 23	Wm. Spaneburys " "		19.00
" 24	Films	12.70		" 23	L. O. Clark " "		11.40
" 28	Balance	35.36		" 23	W. R. Bush " "		49.50
		227.55		" 24	Films		16.49
RECEIPTS, March, 1927				" 25	State High School Athletic Assoc.		
February 28	Balance		\$35.36	" 25	Tournament fees	112.07	
March 2	Picture and Candy	31.60		" 25	Weyhing Bros. Trophies	20.00	
" 5	Picture and Candy	44.91		" 25	Globe Tickets Co., tickets	3.21	
" 10	Gym Ex.	137.21		" 25	American Type Founders Co., type	9.00	
" 16	Tournament	570.00		" 25	Mrs. Vincent, P. T. A. Carnival		
" 19	P. T. A. Carnival	1062.40		" 30	Proceeds	956.93	
" 21	P. T. A. Carnival	101.18		" 30	Balance	88.09	
						\$1982.66	
DISBURSEMENTS, March, 1927				RECEIPTS, APRIL, 1927			
March 1	M. K. Metzler, Films, Express	\$ 6.45		March 30	Balance		\$88.09
" 3	Board of Education, Paper	13.20		April 12	Picture		30.70
" 3	Films	15.87		" 13	Picture		21.46
" 3	National Grocer Co., Candy	15.68		" 19	Plays		75.72
" 5	Felt for Letters	19.62		" 19	McGee-Finlay, Over payment		
" 7	M. Mussatto, Express on Films	.96		" 23	returned.	4.20	
" 10	McGee-Finlay Co., Athletic Supplies	73.30		" 23	Picture	28.40	
" 15	R. J. McMurray, Basketballs and					\$248.57	
" 21	Stamps	29.00		DISBURSEMENTS, APRIL, 1927			
" 21	National Grocer Co., Candy	15.68		April 5	E. C. Oscar, Phone	\$1.50	
" 21	A. F. Heintz Co., Candy	20.25		" 6	S. French, Royalty on play	5.00	
" 21	Schust Co., Candy	25.73		" 6	E. Payne, Supplies	1.60	
" 21	National Biscuit Co., Wafers	5.80		" 6	I. Yeager, Thread	1.50	
" 21	Heid Baking Co., Rolls	10.05		" 7	Films	12.67	
" 21	J. E. Anderson, Games	2.40		" 8	S. French, Royalty	10.00	
" 21	McIntyre Dairy, Cream	29.40		" 8	J. Beechler, Horn repairs	5.00	
" 21	M. M. Guy, P.T.A. supplies	1.25		" 11	M.K. Metzler, Express on films	2.28	
" 21	W.A. Rorke, tickets	2.89		" 18	Seeman & Peters, Drawing paper	1.70	
" 21	Mrs. Kollig, cloth	.72		" 18	W. J. McCron, paper	4.75	
" 21	B. McCormick, Tournament Receipt	28.61		" 18	Walz Hardware, Moulding hooks	.75	
" 21	Bell Telephone Co., Phone expense	12.00		" 19	Consolidated Freight Co., freight	3.12	
" 21	Mrs. W. A. Rorke, Incidental	1.65		" 19	R. Liskow, wrappers	3.00	
" 22	Sears Paper Co., Novelties	22.79		" 19	Whitaker Paper Co., paper	157.10	
" 23	Potter Stamp Co., Streamers	21.60		" 21	Films	12.63	
" 22	Henning and Sons, Red Hots	5.00		" 27	Films	16.20	
" 23	National Co., Soda Splitz	48.00		" 27	H. Boch, supplies	1.25	
" 23	Seeman & Peters, Rubber	.60		" 30	Balance	8.12	
" 23	Mrs. Boegert, Mustard	.87				\$248.57	

Autographs

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